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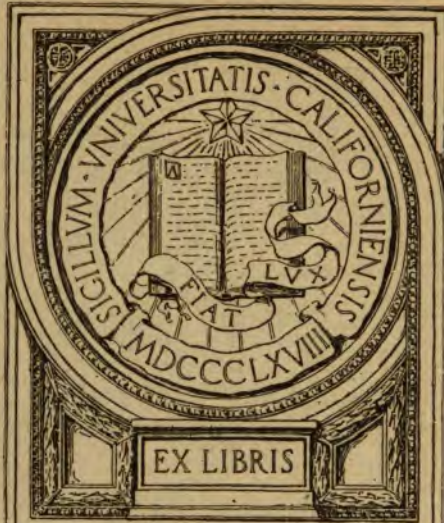
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Clarice Garland Goodwin

Mrs G. G. Goodwin

548 N. Raymond Ave.,

Pasadena, California



Nov. 21, 1917.

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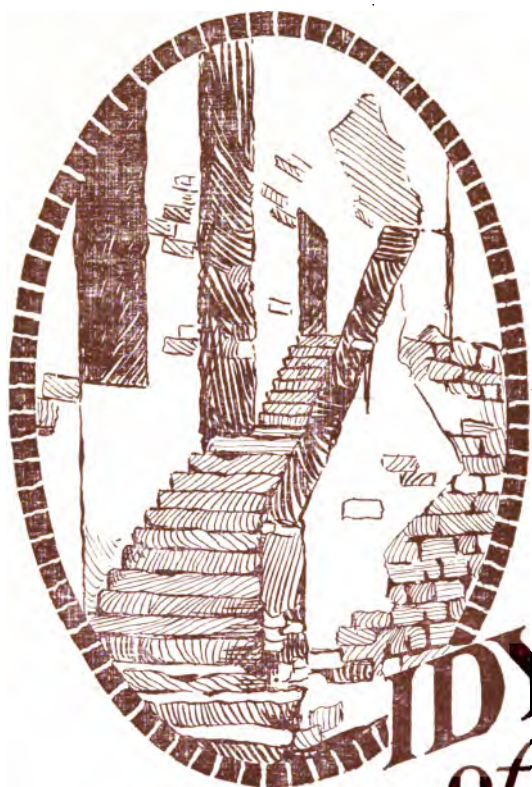
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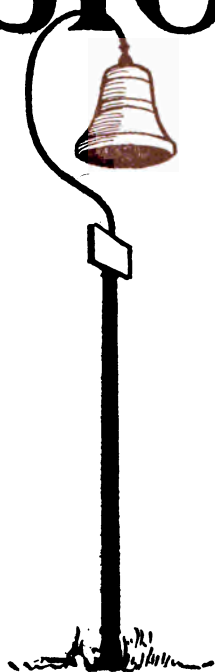
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IDYLS
of the
MISSIONS.



Yours Very sincerely

Chasice Garland

Idyls of the Missions

Franciscan Dynasty

California

1769-1833

A BROCHURE

BY

CLARICE GARLAND

Author of Ysabella; or, The International Marriage

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Idyls of the Missions

IN THE

Reign of the Franciscan Dynasty

Over 21 Missions on the King's Highway
700 Miles of Spanish California
1769-1833.

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Mission San Antonio de Padua, King City (26m) found- ed	1771
(Saint Anthony of Padua)	
Mission Nuestra Señora de la Soledad, Soledad (4m) founded	1791
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Mission San Carlos de Rio Carmelo, Monterey (6m)....	1771
(Saint Charles of the River Carmel)	
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Mission San Juan Bautista, Sargent (6m) founded.....	1797
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Mission Santa Cruz, Santa Cruz, founded.....	1791
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(Saint Raphael Arcangel)	
Mission San Francisco Solano, Sonoma, founded.....	1823

ESTABLISHMENT AND PROSPERITY OF THE CALIFORNIA MISSIONS.

To those who view the ruins of the master-pieces of architecture, the California missions, they speak a various language. To the casual eye they speak of neglect and decay and the onlooker hastens away to modern, finished buildings suggesting present use and pleasure, having gratified a curiosity to see the poetic monuments of a past century.

To the thoughtful eye the California missions, standing in august grandeur, speak of indomitable courage and exalted religious zeal of the architects, the Spanish missionaries, in hewing their way through a wilderness, enduring great hardships, traveling on foot five hundred miles from the beautiful bay they named San Diego to the splendid harbor they named San Francisco in honor of Saint Francis the Father of their Order.

As the Franciscan monks reached spots favorable for founding a mission near an Indian village and fresh water, they raised the Cross and the banner of Spain, and among incredible difficulties, won California for Spain and eighty-five thousand Indians to Christianity in the twenty-one missions they established and fostered for sixty years, located on the road they made and named El Camino Real (the King's Highway.)

Thus the missionaries secured the territory of Upper California and its fifty thousand savage inhabitants for the crown of Spain, a task which soldiers alone had failed to accomplish for centuries even at enormous cost, proving that love accomplished that which the sword failed to gain. The missionaries won the natives by kindness and forgiveness and taught them to venerate the Cross and love God and, by exercising strong control over their wards like excellent schoolmasters, prevented such massacres as occurred east of the Colorado River. In this magnificent achievement the missionaries were not only messengers of the Gospel but captains of industry through Christianity. Before the friars arrived, the

land produced nothing save acorns and wild fruits. The Fathers brought seeds which they taught the Indians to plant in orchards, vineyards and fields which soon produced olive oil, oranges, grapes and grain while their animals increased to vast herds and flocks. With instruction in religion and agriculture the friars taught their wards arts and crafts and the sacred music of the Gregorian chants with voice, flute and violin. And many of the pueblos or towns, presidios or forts, rivers and bays derived their names from the nearest missions.

During sixty years the missionaries fed and clothed their Indian wards and the troops in the presidios of the whole territory to the value of half a million dollars annually. The civil and military authorities of California generally refused to lend moral assistance for transforming savages into faithful Christians and industrious citizens. These otherwise would have been a thieving and savage menace to the white settlers of California. The friars had reared and made the missions prosperous and by their wise government proved their ability to maintain them, overcoming obstacles of the guttural Indian language, their heathen orgies and ideas of a sensual heaven after death.

From the year 1769 to 1833 the missionaries offered the only encouragement to a growing and profitable commerce and aroused the interest of the people of foreign countries thousands of leagues distant, who sailed to California to exchange hides, grain and tallow for manufactured goods from New England, Old England and China, much needed in the territory by the missionaries and citizens and for clothing the neophytes or Christianized Indians, who previously ran about clothed in nature's raiment. And the missionaries who induced, directed and controlled the wealth of the missions, having taken the vow of poverty, claimed no luxury for their own.

The conquest, by the missionaries of the savage inhabitants of California, tells a story of heroism, mental and physical exertion, self-sacrifice, incessant prayer and undying love in the service of God as soldiers of the Cross.

THE ACT OF SECULARIZATION, OR THE CAUSE OF THE DECLINE AND RUIN OF THE CALIFORNIA MISSIONS.

In 1831 Governor José Maria Echandia sounded the deathknell of the missions in his famous proclamations of secularization, or confiscation, of these establishments. He claimed to follow the instructions of the Supreme Government in Mexico that sent him to California in 1825 for this purpose. Why he delayed until his successor was already in the territory may have been owing to his disinclination for engaging the Reverend Fathers of undoubted education in the laws regarding the establishment and maintenance of the missions and incumbents, in debate.

“Señor Echandia knew how to unite and identify his position as comandante-general in the territory, even after it had terminated, with indefinite liberty and emancipation of the neophytes, but without providing against the deplorable consequences which the whole territory experienced, the smaller of which was the ruin of the missions and the neophytes themselves.

“In one of the nine articles of Echandia’s proclamation of secularization was incorporated the law of Mexico which decreed the expulsion of the Spanish missionaries of Upper California.”

This act would give more freedom in confiscation.

“In 1830 Presidente Bustanante of Mexico separated the two Californias and appointed Lieutenant-Colonel Manuel Victoria governor of Upper California.

“Ex-Governor Echandia’s hypocrisy was shown when he issued his decree of secularization January six, 1831 at Monterey, long after his notification to turn his office over to his successor who was within the province. The bearer of the dispatch, turning San Gabriel into a town where hundreds of neophytes, or Christianized Indians, had built streets of adobe dwellings for their families near the mission, had to pass the real governor at Santa Barbara. This showed the desperate steps the ex-governor was prepared to take in order to accomplish his scheme of plundering

the missions; although Echandia and his conspirators were blind to the damage which the decree would inflict on the troops in the presidios. Comandante Santiago Arguello of San Diego foresaw the disastrous effect when he wrote to Echandia that the status of San Gabriel must not be changed because the supplies which the missionaries furnished were absolutely necessary for the troops of San Diego."

Enchandia's act of secularization never was enacted into a law; for on the arrival of Governor Victoria in Monterey he immediately annulled Echandia's decree; and for a little time longer the missions were left undisturbed, until 1835 when Mexico passed the law of secularization of the California missions.

"In truth the blood freezes and hairs stand on ends at the bare thought of the eternal memory which would remain in this land if Señor de Echandia and the young Californians had obtained full control and confiscated the mission properties. Anarchy would have reigned as in Mexico," wrote Father Zephyrin Engelhardt, author of *Missions and Missionaries of California*.

This eminent Spanish historian, Reverend Father Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. F. M., Order of Franciscan Monks, wrote that "The Americans came none too soon to prevent the final desecration of the missions." And it is interesting to note furthermore that he stated the following paragraphs:

"There is observable an inborn reverence among the officers of the United States army and navy for houses of worship. Such atrocities, such profanations of churches and sacred vessels, such brutalities against priests and nuns as the Villistas and Carranzistas at present perpetrate in Mexico, would be impossible at the hands of officers and soldiers of the regular army with the approval of the government of the United States."

Father Engelhardt further stated: "In February, 1847, eighty men were detailed from the United States battalion to clean up the plaza of San Luis Rey, containing four acres, and the quarters or courtyard, and rooms in the monastery, and make necessary repairs which were done in good order. The

commanding officer received the following order from Governor Mason, (acting Governor Fremont and appointed Governor Kearney having retired.)

“Should any Catholic priests come to Mission San Luis Rey, you will not only cause them to be treated with great courtesy and kindness, but they are to have any apartments they may desire and any product of the mission for their own use and the entire management of the Indians. You are placed in charge of the mission property for the express purpose of guarding it from desecration and waste and are expected to treat the missionaries and Indians with great courtesy and respect.”

A copy of the following interesting letter regarding San Luis Rey is appended in Father Engelhardt's History of the Missions. Governor Mason, Colonel First Dragoons, wrote to Captain Hunter Sub-Indian Agent:

“August 2, 1847.

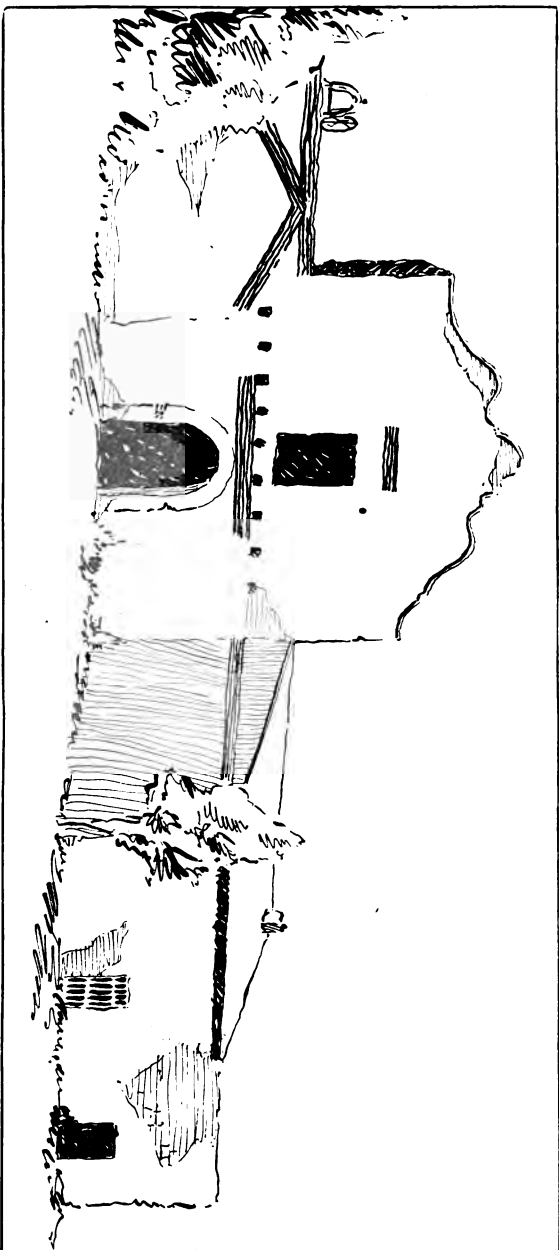
“It must have excited astonishment in both the Indians and missionaries to find themselves treated with so much consideration by “los Protestantes,” when for a quarter of a century they had experienced scarcely anything but arrogance and oppression at the hands of the ‘household of the Faith’ they disgraced.”

That the missionaries accomplished so much in California is cause for wonder in the thoughtful mind. The material structures they raised and encompassed by the spiritual forces of love and service guided the labor of the missionaries and their converts to astonishing results. They hewed tall trees with rough axes, made adobe, or sun-baked bricks, without number, lashed the rafters with rawhide thongs and raised buildings of artistic merit without use of nails or modern implements of architecture, carved moldings and traceries that denoted the individual taste of the neophytes, with unskilled hands of former wild men and their descendants, in California wildernesses.

In the chain of historic missions of California were woven the heroism, energy and pious zeal of the missionaries with the spiritual elevation and semi-civili-

zation of the Indians (arrested by the act of secularization) in the eight-five thousand human links of neophytes dedicated to the Spirit of Religion. Down the ages the mild, insistent voices of the teachers echo in red men's hearts and in the walls and cloisters of their exalted ideals in the monuments we now cherish with memories of a patriarchal, poetic past.





MISSION SAN DIEGO

A SOLDIER OF THE CROSS.

(First Pioneer of California.)

Junipero, God's pioneer, behold!
On bended knees imploring pardoning grace;
He feels himself a failure long untold,
Entreats and pleads high heaven with saintly face:
"One baptism—God grant thy servant more,
Ere sailing from this wild and fruitless shore!"

"Just one more day, Father, I humbly pray!
And must I pray in vain? Thy mercy spare,
In this forsaken, reckless, heathen sway!"
Still on his knees in constant, zealous prayer,
Till nightfall came and then glory great,
God's answer came like wondrous story late.

Across the blue Pacific's vastness, lo!
A ship, like great, white dove with olive branch,
Up San Diego Bay sailed fair and slow.
"To God be thanks! Our famine he will stanch.
One child baptized by me—All Hail Marie!
The sacred Cross points e'er my faith in Thee."



STORY OF JUNIPERO SERRA.

California, that magic name of mythical romance, was given by the courageous explorer Cortez when he discovered and claimed this coast for Spain in 1543. For two centuries California basked under a southern sky and the blue waters of the Pacific washed its silvery shore, untrod by white men.

1769 Don Galvez, minister of colonization for Spain, arranged an expedition from Loreto in Lower California to Upper California, led by Governor Portolá and soldiers in search of the wonderful harbors charted by Cortez and Viscaino, accompanied by the eminent engineer Constanso and Father Junipero Serra who was appointed to establish missions with associate friars for the conversion of the heathen inhabitants to Christianity.

This expedition starting at Loreto reached the magnificent harbor now known as San Francisco after great hardships, crossing mud-sinking arroyos, scaling dizzy heights, climbing scarred and boulder-strewn mountains to avoid being washed into the ocean, sleeping under drenching rains and enduring thirst with half-rations, they plodded onward with the persistency that won victory over great obstacles. They were the first white men who traversed these smiling lands.

But alas! for the hopes of the explorers, their rations became nearly exhausted and Governor Portola decided to return to Mexico by ship, from the bay now known as San Diego, before more of his ninety men fell ill with the scurvy, that weakening disease caused by the lack of fresh vegetables, and before they had reached the limit of their food supply. He appointed a day that the ship should sail south, when Father Serra, who was camped on the shore of the bay near the locality now known as Old Town, San Diego, went on board the caravel and begged the governor to allow a little more time before sailing, hoping the relief ship which Don Galvez had promised to send (if they remained in California beyond a given date) to them and which was daily expected,

would appear. Portola was firm in deciding to sail at once, having given up hope of the arrival of the ship with food supplies.

Father Serra, whose heart ached with love and pity for the savages who thronged around him in their ignorance of God and spiritual welfare, spoke these memorable words of undying faith and courage when he declared: "If every other white man leaves this desolate shore, I will stay alone and teach the savages to love and worship God."

"Nay," objected Portola; "I cannot leave you in this wilderness hundreds of miles from Mexico and civilization, without food or protection, to the mercy of these cruel and ignorant savages."

Father Serra left the ship and went on shore where under the boughs of trees he rang the Spanish bells and sang a mass imploring the help of Saint Joseph, foster father of Jesus and patron saint of the expedition, praying for success of his enterprise, the conversion of souls.

On the eventful day before the ship was to sail, Father Serra arose at dawn and went forth on a hill-top where the presidio afterward was established, following the example of Jesus in the wilderness, and prayed for the coming of the relief ship. With the cowl of his coarse brown habit thrown back and his pale, sensitive face haggard with anxiety and fasting, he watched and prayed through the long hours of the day. When suddenly, as the curtain of night slowly descended over the wild western shore, a ship appeared sailing slowly up the bay almost like a mirage in the sky to his amazed vision. Then again he sank on his knees, this time not in supplication to the Most High, but in thanksgiving for interceding in behalf of his cause.

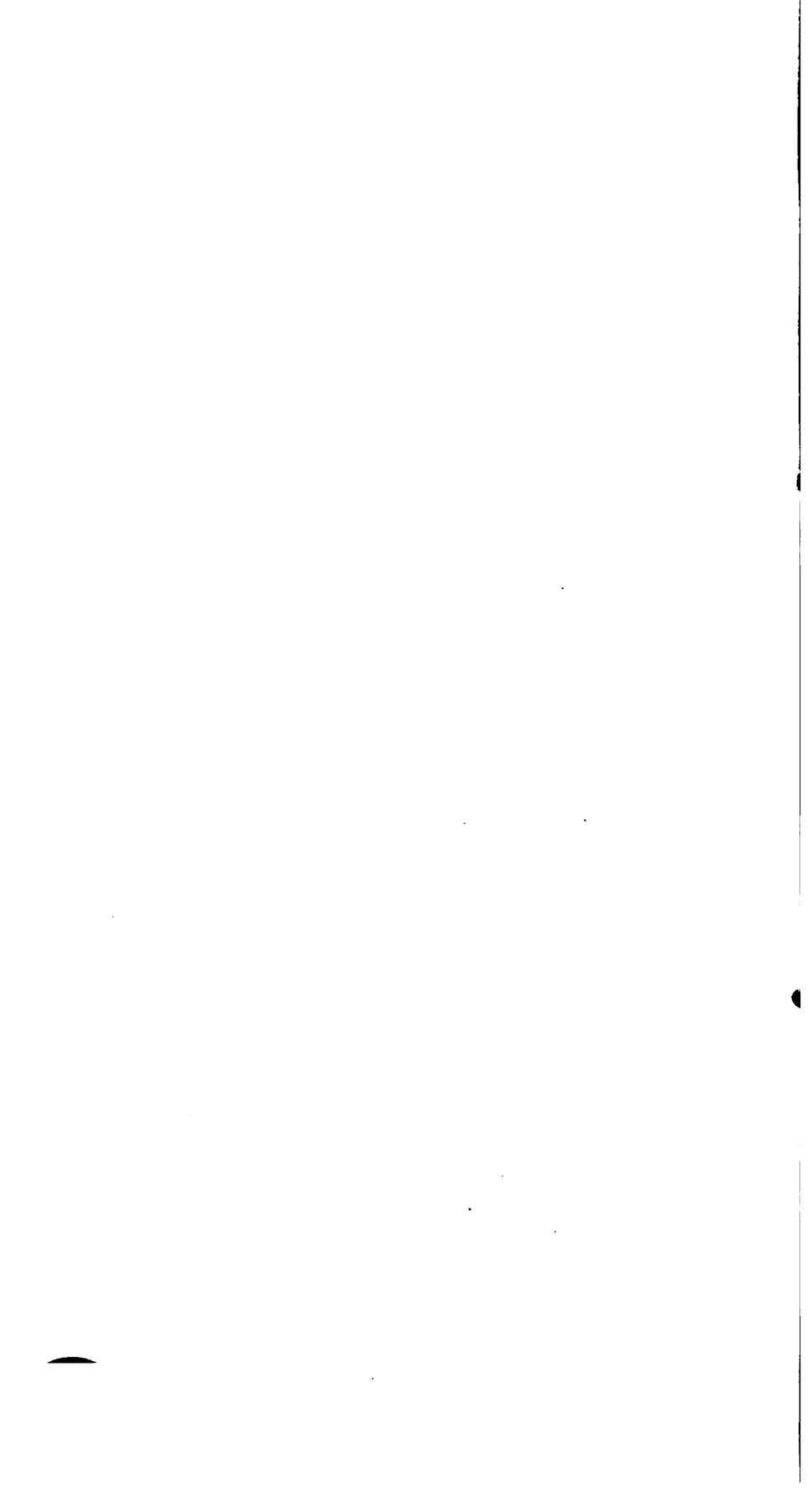
That Father Serra remained in California we all know, and founded the first mission, San Diego de Alcala, in 1769, dedicated to its patron, Saint James of Alcala. Happy indeed was he when an Indian child was brought to him for baptism, thus protecting the babe from the Powers of Evil. Slowly and by overcoming the hostility of the natives, he won them

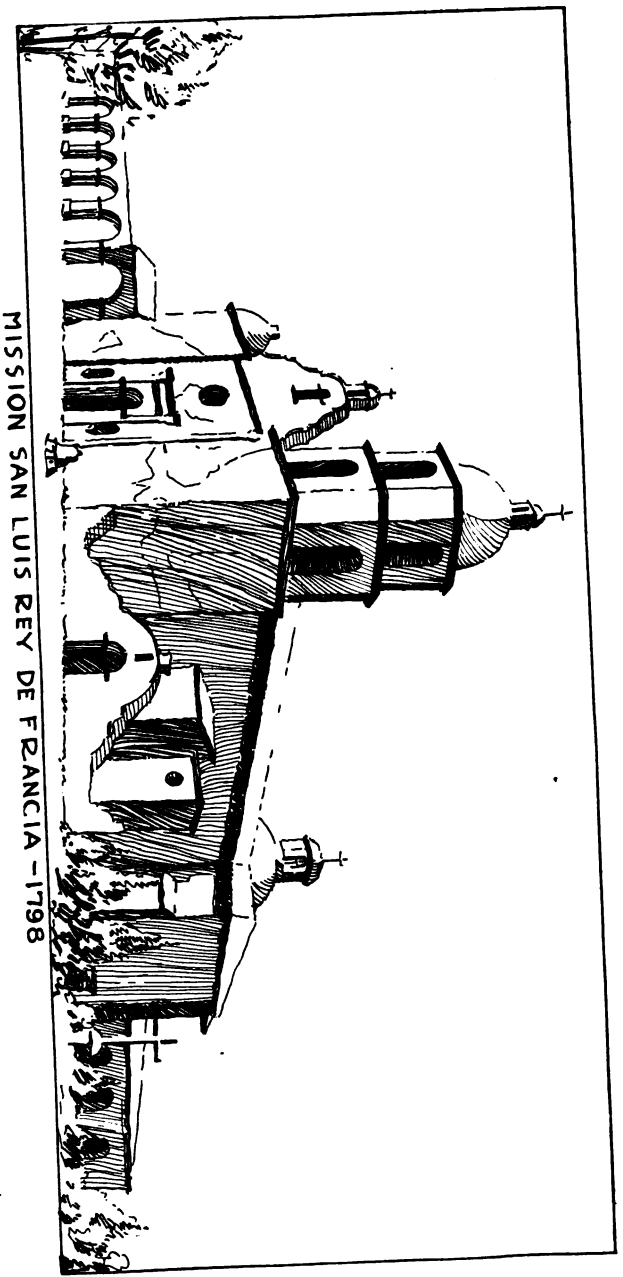
by love and kindness to become his pupils in the study and practice of religion. He was in deed and in truth a soldier of the Cross, and first pioneer of California, asking no other reward than the satisfaction of having saved souls to God.

Mission San Diego de Alcala was established near the bank of the river which derived its name from the mission, six miles from the bay of the same name. The missionaries were stockmen and traders and were the first customers of the sailing masters who ventured around the howling Horn.

The church was burnt by hostile Indians who threw firebrands on the roof. This edifice was afterward rebuilt and the wooden rafters covered with earthen tiles invented by one of the missionaries. The latter sanctuary was ninety feet in length and flanked a patio, or courtyard, one hundred and sixty feet square surrounded by storehouses, shops and dormitories, and the remaining space by an adobe wall ten feet in height. And two date palms lift their tufted heads, like ancient seers over the wrecks of time, planted from seeds over one hundred and twenty-five years ago by the missionaries.







MISSION SAN LUIS REY DE FRANCIA - 1798

A WEDDING JOURNEY.

Among the Missions quaint and olden,
And riding through the morning golden,
The governor's stately cavalcade
Uprode the flowery esplanade.

At Luis Rey's white, cloistered pile,
With tower like Roman campanile,
The governor stayed his retinue,
While soldier guards their cordon drew.

'Neath high and wide-arched colonnade,
In gown and cowl the monks arrayed,
With swinging cross and sandaled feet,
Walked the meek path of Pride's defeat.

The priests received with kindly token,
Disciples meek and gently spoken,
Doñas and dons with governor grand,
Brides and captains of noble stand.

The lovely brides with husbands brave
Left home and friends northlands to save;
Each brought a love-gift to her lord,
More rare than gems from India's hoard.

Still northward rode the happy twain;
The bridegrooms whistling gay refrain:
Brides lilted songs at candle-light
And waltzed into the fragrant night.

Ah! Ne'er was wedding journey run
And drawn to close at set of sun,
With braver grooms or fairer brides,
Since Neptune sang the ebbing tides.

But monks and priests of sacred fonts
Respond no more to travelers' wants:
In ruins stand the crumbling walls,
Of Missions old, once bridal halls.

STORY OF THE WEDDING JOURNEY.

At San Diego occurred the double wedding of Captain Romualdo Pacheco comandante of Presidio de Monterey with Señorita Carrillo and Lieutenant Agustin Vicente Zamorano with Señorita Luisa Arguello, daughter of the comandante de Presidio de San Diego.

The historian Hittell refers to this double wedding of officers and daughters of officers as the most important social event in California down to the above date.

After the elaborate ceremony of the double wedding which Governor Echandiá attended as sponsor for the bridegrooms and the citizens of the surrounding countryside attended as witnesses, followed by a week's celebration in prize games, rodéos, balls, dinners and dances, the happy couples rode north to Monterey, over six hundred miles horseback in the governor's cavalcade with retainers of leather-jacketed soldiers, dons and doñas from distant haciendas who attended the wedding fiesta.

Governor Echandia was traveling to the capital to transact official business of the province and his company was entertained in the mission establishments located on the King's Highway and at the extensive ranchos, or haciendas, of Don Tomás Yorba and Don Antonio Dominguez. The vast Rancho de Santa Ana was a grant to an ancestor of the Yorba family as a soldier in valiant service to the Spanish crown. This extensive rancho consisted of leagues and leagues of grazing land now known as Orange County and other tracts.

After the fiesta de boda or wedding feast and a grand ball attended by hidalgos, officers and doñas from distant presidios and ranchos, the governor's cavalcade again rode north to Rancho de San Pedro, the home of Don Antonio Dominguez, occupying many leagues north of the Santa Ana River to San Pedro Harbor and Santa Monica, also a grant from the Spanish crown as reward for bravery in battle. Here the festive Spaniards escorted Don and Doña

Dominguez to their spacious adobe home built around a patio, or courtyard, and were entertained with lavish hospitality.

Money had no value to these overlords in pastoral California unless it could be exchanged for silks and velvets and other articles of luxury brought in the trading-ships from Lima, China and New England. There were no shops for barter and sale, but the taste for rich and elegant apparel was inherent in the descendants of Spanish royalty, and in their chivalrous and gracious manners were seen a remarkable dignity and sense of honor.

"By the beard of the Prophet," this hair from my beard is sufficient guarantee that I shall pay my indebtedness in this bill of goods from your ship," quoth a Spanish overlord to a clerk of a Boston trading-brig. And the captain of the ship was much chagrined and very angry when the clerk told him that he had presented a bill of lading to his lordship for payment.

"These Spaniards always pay without being reminded of their obligations, their sense of honor is very keen," reproved the shipmaster sternly.

"Yes, sir," answered the astonished clerk meekly, who thought it merely a matter of business and not an insult to present the amount of goods and their price to the purchaser. And the values of the vast herds of cattle and flocks of sheep were exchanged for all those commodities in gratifying a sense for articles of luxury.

At Mission San Luis Rey de Francia the governor's cavalcade stopped the first night of the wedding journey and the brides and grooms gazed on the placid waters of the little San Luis Rey River, and over the night's enchanting scenery and the beautiful white mission with its Moorish colonnade, Roman tower, arched entrance and embrasured facade of the state-ly church bathed in the silvery moonlight, a replica of ancient Spain. Then repeating el rosario within the sanctuary they partook of the generous hospitality of the missionaries.

The brides, of course, were young and beautiful with all the fascinations of graceful, smiling señori-

tas. And the bridegrooms as officers of the pompous Governor Echandia exhibited the bravery and chivalry typical of their race.

If some of these ancient live oaks as spectators could speak, what tales of naked, creeping, swarming, painted savages dancing around their campfires and munching acorns; of courteous, pious missionaries in coarse brown habits and leather sandals, erecting the Cross and performing the rites of their religion, vying with one another in the number of their converts to Christianity; of proud and haughty Spanish officers and dons continuing the customs of Aragon and Castile; of the brisk Americans who had no time in their later generation for indulging in leisure ceremony, being forever too busy accruing accounts and institutions of the present century in awarding the gifts of luxury and knowledge to the most active in their pursuit.

San Luis Rey Church with monastery, shops and storehouses formed the outside wall and occupied about four acres of ground including the plaza, where the Indian men had organized a band of forty musicians and gave evening concerts on the plaza. In the center of the courtyard a fountain splashed musically among the orange trees, perhaps reminding the missionaries of old Barcelona or Seville. Olive, pepper, orange, fig and many other varieties of semi-tropical fruit and ornamental trees grew in the gardens in the rear of the Mission buildings and a large adobe reservoir contained water for bathing, laundry and irrigation purposes.

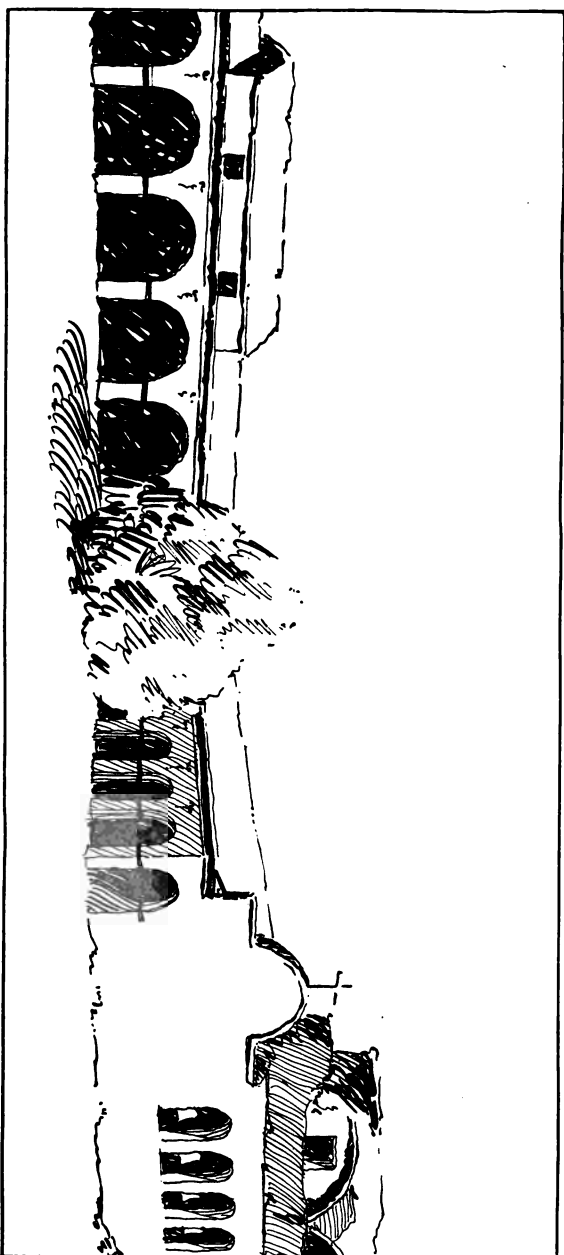
In the stately church with Moorish facade and lofty tower, are shown the artistic taste and executive ability of Father Peiri, one of the most polished, cultured and genial of the California missionaries. Never shall we view his beautiful Mission with being reminded of the story of five hundred of his neophytes who followed their beloved Father to San Diego and begged him to come back, when he departed from California at the secularization of the missions, never to return. And in imagination we see the forty Indian musicians drawing sweet sounds from their flutes and violins at the plaza on moonlight

evenings in front of the noble church, surrounded by an admiring throng of dusky natives and encouraged by the wise and loving Father Peiri.

And a century later, as we view this "King of Missions," we note with admiration and a sense of awe this noble monument erected by unskilled but loving hands, and this lofty church, with arched entrance, embrasured walls and two-storied tower, dedicated to King Luis III, whose ancient grandeur was worthy to stand in a king's honor.

This King of the Missions, who has been robbed of his crown and kingdom, yet wraps his tattered ermine robe around him in deserted royalty.





SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO MISSION -1776

BELLS OF CAPISTRANO.

Oh, the bells of Capistrano
Swinging low from oaken beams,
Like the tides adown the Arno,
Rouse the echoes-bygone dreams.

Fell the bells with crashing tower,
When the temblor shook the earth;
Then the men in startled terror,
Fled the church and comrades dearth.

Yet remained in Capistrano
Lowly bells on leathern thongs,
Calling all to paternoster,
And to pray 'mid dusky throngs.

Here the padres, hearts to blazon,
Sowed the seeds of Christian faith,
Winning souls by gentle suasion,
Giving love to Master's wraith.

Over vineyard, grove and meadow
Float the sweet, melodious tones,
Chiming thanks at twilight's shadow,
As the plenteous table groans.

But alas! The god of Mammon
Saw afar with envious eye;
Seized the wealth like Agamemnon;
Drove the monks from labor high.
Sits, august, Church Capistrano;
Greed has choked her ancient arts,
Like the weeds in fairest Arno,
And the love in red men's hearts.

Still across the field and fallow,
Calling, calling far to sea,
Weirdly echo, soft and mellow,
Christmas chimes for you and me.

STORY OF THE BELLS OF CAPISTRANO.

The grand Mission San Juan Capistrano, named for its patron, Saint John of Capistran, a Franciscan bishop and author of note, was built without regard to price of land per foot, as it covered several acres of ground including the church and courtyard with over forty massive arches of the cloister nine paces in the base of each arch. The blacksmith, saddlery shops, the spinning and weaving rooms for the manufacture of the blankets, the storehouses for grain, olive oil, wheat and fruit, the dwellings of the hundreds of neophytes, the monastery for the use of the missionaries, the guardhouse for the six or eight soldiers, and the stately church, all occupied much space in the mission grounds.

This establishment, like the other missions, was a hive of industry during its nine years of building and its later prosperity, and was the result of an immense amount of labor of the Christianized Indians with the actual working instruction and example of the missionaries. The square log rafters for the roof of the church were hewn on a distant mountain side, then blest by the Fathers. The sacred timbers were placed on the shoulders of relays of Indians stationed one mile apart and never allowed to touch the ground during their passage of sixty miles over trackless canyons, deep ravines and park-like expanse. What more wonderful exhibition of devotion, of the neophytes to the missionaries and the religion they inculcated, could be asked?

The constructive ability of the Indians was shown when they built seven magnificent domes, or seven-vaulted roof, and a bell-tower one hundred and twenty feet high of stone-masonry following the direction and work of the friars.

But alas! One Sunday morning in 1812, while the neophytes were at their devotions, a temblor, or earthquake, shook down the lofty tower which crashed through the roof on the heads of the worshippers. They fled shrieking from the church, all but thirty-

nine, who were crushed under the heavy mass of stone.

The tower never was rebuilt as the natives held a superstition that they had offended God who sent this punishment upon them. A lower altitude was arranged and the sweet-toned Spanish bells suspended by their leather thongs at a lower elevation with no danger of further expression of wrath in the former manner from the Deity.

San Juan Capistrano, standing like some patriarch by the sea whence all his descendants had deserted him or faded into oblivion, has wrapped his ragged robes of vine and shrubs around him too august for pity. He claims our admiration as we approach this stately monument of past devotion and magnificence where the missionaries in gown and cowl once paced the spacious cloisters in religious meditation.





SAN GABRIEL ARCANGEL - 1771

SAINT GABRIEL

An angel rests on fleecy cloud,
As sentinel of San Gabriel proud,
He hears below a thrilling prayer;
A mother, young, cries her despair.

"O Queen of Heaven, Full sad wast thou;
Thy Son was brought to Calvary's brow;
Yet hadst thou Him for many years:—
Oh, spare my babe my bitter tears!"

"San Gabriel, thou priest of heaven,
I pray thee, Saint, my grief to leaven!"
Straight flew the guard on pinions white,
To gates of heaven with pearly light:

Saint Gabriel sought at early night
And told the priest the mother's plight:
"An earth-child cries for justice due;
Saint Gabriel, she calls to you:

"The governor seeks to take my boy
And hide him for her soul's annoy,—
Revenge on her who scorned him while
His jealous power was full of guile:

"The Judge his verdict speaks at noon:
I pray thee reach the Mission soon,
That husband, wife and little son
Thou re-unite and the case be won."

Saint Gabriel flew to his white church:
The governor's law was left in the lurch:
"United thou, thy griefs are spared:
"Bless you, my child!" the Judge declared.

Saint Gabriel smiled and spread his wings;
On pinions white his way he sings:
"Glory to God! Let angels tell;
In peace—goodwill, his children dwell."

STORY OF THE ECCLESIASTICAL TRIAL AT MISSION SAN GABRIEL ARCANGEL.

Mission San Gabriel Arcangel was founded in 1771 by Fathers Angel Somera and Pedro Cambon and was the junction and resting place for travelers passing between Monterey and Mexico.

"The Queen of the Missions" was once very prosperous and was turned into a town, where the neophytes had built streets of adobe dwellings adjoining the Mission, when Governor Echandia issued the act of secularization of the missions in 1833.

The Mission once controlled hundreds of leagues of grazing lands where great herds of cattle, sheep, horses and droves of hogs grazed over the vast San Bernardino Rancho, an adjunct of the Mission. And one hundred acres, including the site of the Mission buildings, gardens, and vineyards were inclosed by hedges of prickly pears, which gave both fruit, and protection from hostile Indians.

Nothing remains of its former greatness but the church where religious services are now held. It was built of stone, mortar and adobe bricks and the imposing west side wall is supported by ten heavy buttresses crowned by a pyramidal coping. This coping was capped by an Indian as a penance pronounced by one of the Fathers for a misdeed.

The picturesque tower is a continuation of the side wall, pierced by six embrasured bell recesses of differing sizes. The central arch is pedimented to a lower angle on the left. This belfry is admired as an architectural gem. Its design has been extensively reproduced in more modern architecture.

The old stone stairway, shaded by the fern-like foliage of the graceful pepper tree at the right of the church leading to the choir-gallery, caused our hearts to thrill as we climbed up the stone steps worn hollow by the feet of the past worshippers who trod these stones, leading to musical elevation of spirit, long ago.

In 1829 a handsome and dashing American sea-

captain sailed in his trading-brig from Boston to California in search of trade and adventure. Being an educated and well-bred young man of Puritan ancestry and Harvard College degree, he exhibited no piratical tendency. He had arrived in the pueblo of San Diego only a short time when his patriotic spirit nearly entangled him with the suspicions of Governor Enchandia whose principal anxiety at that time was watching for spies.

A wealthy and influential European from Mexico City with a Spanish wife, a self-appointed plenipotentiary at San Diego, interceded with the irate governor in behalf of the American and prevented the comandante's wrath from descending on the adventurous young man's head when he privately assisted some American prisoners confined in the prison of the Presidio to escape.

At this time Governor Echandiá, who resided in bachelor quarters in the presidio at San Diego, journeyed to the capital at Monterey with his officers and their brides in his retinue with dons and doñas who attended the fiesta of the double wedding with all pomp and ceremony of Spanish nobility.

During the absence of the governor, who secretly admired a beautiful señorita of San Diego who cordially hated him, the American won the love of the governor's undeclared choice. The wedding of the couple was interrupted by the arrival of the governor's decree issued at Monterey, stating that no foreigner would be allowed to marry in California without a special license. The couple eloped and sailed with a shipmaster and his wife who chaperoned the señorita. This was done by the advice of the self-appointed plenipotentiary from Mexico City and friend of the American in whose ship the couple sailed. After overcoming heavy obstacles the couple was married in Valparaiso, Chili, witnessed by the shipmaster friend and his wife.

The American and his bride then sailed to Boston in his brig which was ordered to meet him at Valparaiso. In about a year and a half the American with his wife and child sailed for California, thinking

that Governor Echandia term of office had expired and that he had returned to Mexico.

Echandia retained his office, owing to the non-appearance of the succeeding governor and to a succession of intrigues that prevented the present governor from meeting the newly appointed comandante and delivering his office, and yet exercised his authority in the province. He immediately ordered the arrest of the American, and his lieutenant removed the wife from her husband's ship and took her to lodge with an American shipmaster's wife, whose dwelling was under surveillance of the governor, again separating the couple by his jealous and revengeful power.

Father Jose Sanchez, President of the California Missions, denounced Governor Echandia for usurping his ecclesiastical authority regarding marriages and declared he would arrest the governor; if he were not so near the end of his term of office. He counter-ordered the arrest of the American, thus removing him from the drastic revenge of the jealous governor.

An ecclesiastical court was held at Mission San Gabriel Arcangel by Judge Sanchez, president, of all matters relating to the missions and to marriages in particular.

Don Jose Palomares, the government lawyer, found all the legal flaws possible. He believed the American guilty of piratical offense in abducting the se orita who begged her betrothed to run away with her, when their wedding was interrupted, and take her away from the reach of the hated comandante-general's impending offer of marriage which her parents strongly desired.

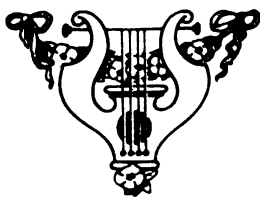
At his trial the American plead his own defense and, by the evidence of the witnesses present including the shipmaster in whose brig the run-a-way couple sailed, won the case. And the subject of the international marriage was discussed in every family in California.

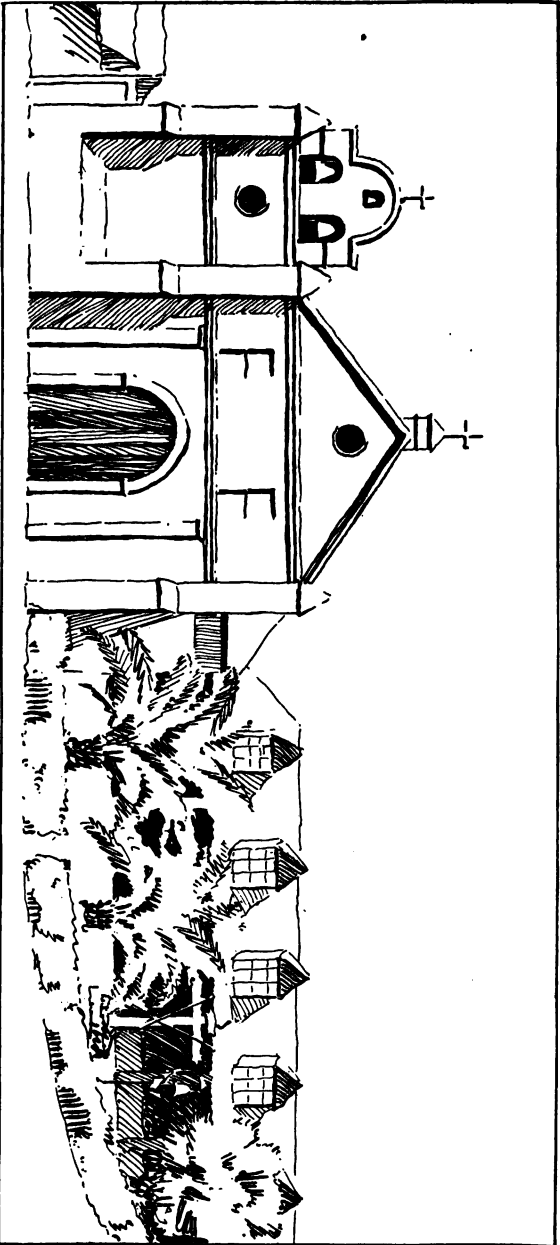
Judge Sanchez, after presiding three days over the sessions of the court, pronounced the wedding certificate valid and the vindication of the defendant, with a courtly manner and beneficent aspect, which seem-

ed to have emanated from a kingly court rather than a cloister.

The Spanish wife of the American was present at the trial of her husband and devoutly prayed for heavenly intercession to the Madonna whose beautiful painting with a sweetly maternal expression adorned the wall of the sala of the missionaries, used as the court room, and to Saint Gabriel, the patron saint of the Mission and special messenger of Heaven, in behalf of her husband and child. The mental anguish of the husband and wife caused by their separation and the impending verdict of perpetual disgrace of themselves and child were averted by the righteous judgment of President Sanchez at San Gabriel Arcangel, the "Pride of Missions."

And the happy, reunited couple with their child rode away from the buttressed walls of San Gabriel with the blessing of the Missionary, like knight and lady of medieval times from an ancient Spanish castle to their ship in the harbor of San Pedro.





PARISH CHURCH OF LOS ANGELES - 1814

THE WEDDING BELL GIFT.

The court in solemn conclave see!
Judge Sanchez heard the lawyer's plea:
"Marriage," he said, "was surely *nil*:
Certificate not signed by quill."

The father rose and plead his case:
"If wedding then did not take place,
T'would sadden life—my heart would sink;
—My child's disgrace—Your Honor, think!
"Pray—clemency!—My witness said;
'By Chile's priest he saw us wed:'
—Your grace I beg—You've seen our proof:
Grant us our due, Judge, from your roof."

Pondered the judge a weary night;
He saw the parents' desperate plight:
"Before high Heaven I do declare
You man and wife at Chile fair!

"Yet to be sure no flaws are found,
Certificate—down to the ground,
I'll marry you, myself, again,
Next Sunday morn—a happy twain.

"But, having scandalized the church
And left the governor in the lurch,
I sentence you to buy a bell;
Los Angeles needs one, so they tell."
The captain sailed to Boston town;
He brought a bell and saved a frown;
His wedding bell yet sounds with power,
In fair Los Angeles parish tower.

STORY OF THE WEDDING BELL GIFT.

At the Session of the Ecclesiastical Court in Mission San Gabriel in 1831 when the American shipmaster, Captain Henry Delano Fitch, was arraigned for trial by Governor Echandia because of the said abduction of a beautiful señorita admired and secretly loved by the governor of California, there being only one lawyer in the province, (and he retained by the governor,) the American plead his own case.

We have learned in the story of the Ecclesiastical Court that Captain Fitch's honor was vindicated and that his wife and child were restored to him and both parents were taken back into the church and that the impending verdict of illegitimacy of their child was averted.

The flaws found in the wedding certificate by the government lawyer were that "It contained neither the names of the cathedral, nor the city of Valparaiso where the wedding took place; and that it had not been "Vised by three escribanos; (examined and signed by three notaries) nor had it been signed by the minister of foreign affairs."

In the meantime, before the trial and shortly after the arrest of Captain Fitch by Governor Echandia at Monterey, Don Virmond, the self-appointed plenipotentiary friend of the American, visited Judge Sanchez and gave bonds for the appearance of his young friend to appear at the ecclesiastical court in San Gabriel. And the shipmaster ever afterward referred to him as his "Guardian Angel."

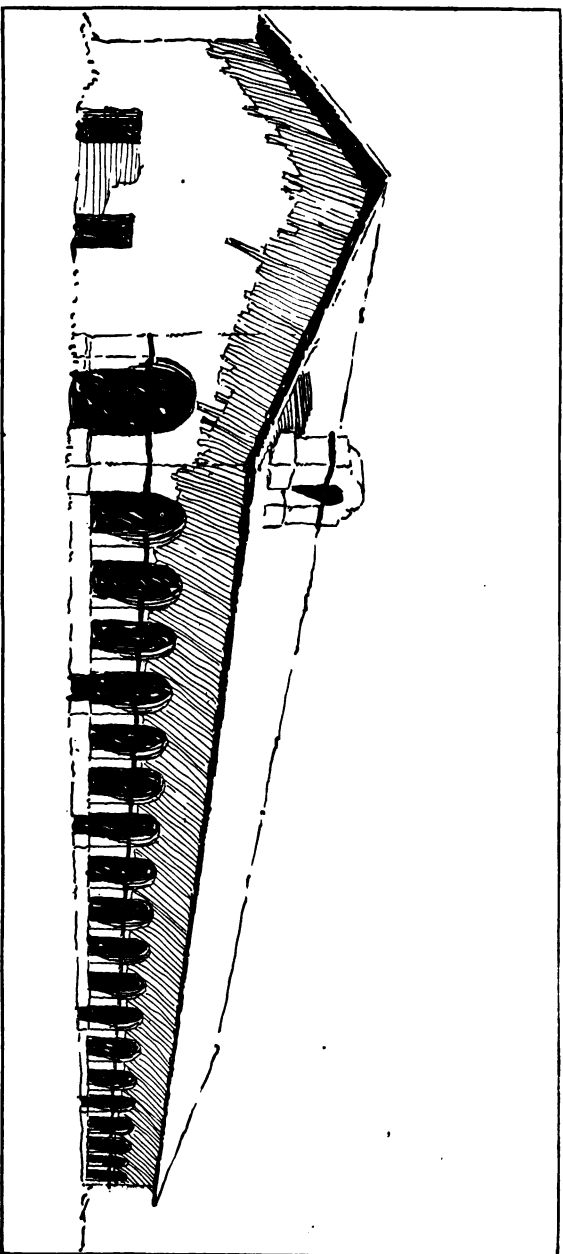
Judge Sanchez rendered his verdict after a session of three days by stating that: "The lawyer had not substantiated his charge of distinct criminal offense in the defendant; that the certificate was not *nil* but valid; and that the couple was legally married at Valparaiso." But to be sure no flaws could be found in the wedding certificate, President Sanchez re-married the couple the next Sunday morning and presented them with a new certificate containing the names of San Gabriel Church and the Province of California, and himself signed the document.

Following the verdict, Judge Sanchez pronounced this penance: "On account of the great scandal Don Enrique (Henry) has caused the church, I sentence him to buy a bell of not less than fifty pounds weight, for the church at Los Angeles which has barely a borrowed one from San Gabriel."

In this manner the wise president secured the first bell for the tower of the parish church Nuestra Señora de la Reina de los Angeles. (Our Lady Queen of the Angels.) And all this power and wisdom could not be contradicted by Comandante-General Jose Maria Echandia, who had interrupted the wedding of the couple at San Diego and separated them after their elopement and marriage at Valparaiso.

Captain Fitch sailed to Boston and bought a wedding-bell gift which on his return to California he presented to President Jose Sanchez in gratitude for the Judge's pronunciamiento in vindication of his honor and the restoration of his wife and child to him. This bell yet chimes out the vindication of the American and calls the faithful to worship in the adobe church opposite the plaza in Los Angeles. Little did Captain Fitch dream that five hundred thousand Americans would follow in his footsteps during three-quarters of a century later and occupy the City of the Angels. And the captain's bell from Boston may have sounded a mystic summons to eastern dwellers from the restless Atlantic to the shore of the great Pacific.

And never do we pass the old adobe church at Los Angeles, founded in 1814, and standing opposite the plaza, but we gaze upward to the arched and buttressed tower, upon the first and largest bell which was presented by Captain Fitch to the Parish Church in the Pueblo of the Angels.



MISSION SAN FERNANDO DE ESPAÑA-1797

THE WINEPRESS OF LIFE.

In rosy morn the purple grapes
Drank sunlight warm—Fernando shapes,
At eventide the fruit and leaves
Absorbed the dew in Nature's sheaves:
Each glowing sphere, a perfect life,
Accomplished work with ne'er a strife,
Of Nature's art.

Came Destiny the reaper stern,
And gathered grapes, the keepers yearn;
In Life's winepress the fruit he cast:
From out the grinding, seething past,
Poured liquid rich, the life-blood course,
Of Universe—emotion's source:
He saw the signs.

The friars planted truth and vines,
And natives gathered fruit and lines;
In merry glee they ate their fill,
From Padres' store beside the rill,
Attended mass and said their prayers,
To keep away from Devil's snares;
Saw not the signs.

"We teach the truth," the Fathers said,
"Or reap the tares when souls are dead:"
With tears and laughter, joy and sorrow,
The vines were trimmed anent the morrow;
They danced and sang at the Mission's side;
And feared no cloud would e'er betide;
Saw not the signs.

The reapers came by light of day;
Drove the Indians from their work and play;
Seized garnered wealth with greedy hands
And took away to other lands:
Sad natives they, their homes foresworn;
With idle hands they wept forlorn;
Saw now the signs.

STORY OF THE SECULARIZATION OF THE MISSIONS ILLUSTRATED BY THE WINEPRESS OF LIFE.

In 1797 Mission San Fernando Rey de España was founded by Fathers Dumetz and Lasúen in honor of Ferdinand III, King of Spain, in the beautiful valley which bears its name, twenty-two miles north of Los Angeles, and became one of the most prosperous of the missions, rich in grain, cattle and vineyards. There were many hundred neophytes living within its sheltering walls who were taught agriculture with the arts and crafts in connection with lines of religious instruction (Catechism). And in the sacred ground of the Campo Santo, or Camp of the Saints, (cemetery between the church and monastery,) rested many of their loved ones.

The vineyards, fields of barley and groves of olives made glad the hearts of the neophytes who tended them carefully, according to the directions of the missionaries. And after the labors of the day they assembled within the lofty church and consecrated their hearts anew to loving service of families, friends and the good God who gave them this flourishing valley and fruits of the earth.

For over thirty years Mission San Fernando Rey de España, with its workshops, its weaving-rooms and its storehouses, grew and prospered when, suddenly, the death-knell of the missions was sounded with the hopes of the missionaries, in the proclamation of the Act of Secularization of all the missions in California by Ex-Governor Echandiá who had overstayed his term of office and authority and began the act of secularization, or confiscation of the wealth of the missions.

But first the founders and guardians of this wealth must be sent away to execute the confiscation with more freedom. The hearts of the missionaries must have ached for their wards, the neophytes, when they realized the tremendous disaster which had overtaken them. Some of the friars remained at their posts

despite civil authority, but were dismayed when they saw the destruction of the establishments which had been the work of years of heroism, energy and self-sacrifice to accomplish.

In 1833 occurred the death of the "Most beloved Father, Ex-Presidente Jose Sanchez at San Gabriel, of a broken heart, it was said, at sight of the evil Governor Echandiá and his followers had brought upon the neophytes. They would be turned adrift to shift for themselves, without protection and would degenerate into barbarism with their wild brethren of the hills," thought the missionaries.

To the neophytes a little liberty proved a dangerous experiment when removed from the necessary discipline of the monks. The Indians had not drank deeply enough at the Spring of Civilization to continue the customs taught and insisted by the Fathers, and many forgot to repeat their prayers, but never to venerate the Cross whenever it was presented to them.

The regular habits of receiving instruction, working at agriculture and arts and crafts were forgotten by some, when the matin and vesper bells ceased to ring. And the agricultural tools were uncared for and covered with rust. The natives had no incentive to work, no loving masters to feed and clothe them with the results of their labor. All the wealth of grain, hides and tallow were taken away and sold for a price, or exchanged for goods wanted by the civilians. The wants of the helpless neophytes were forgotten, or waved aside. And they drifted away like autumn leaves and sank into nooks and crannies of the earth, cast upon their own resources without the comfortable means of livelihood they had enjoyed at the missions.

This noble ruin reminds the sightseer of a once happy and flourishing establishment or village overtaken by disaster, pillaged and desecrated and the inhabitants turned back into the wilderness.

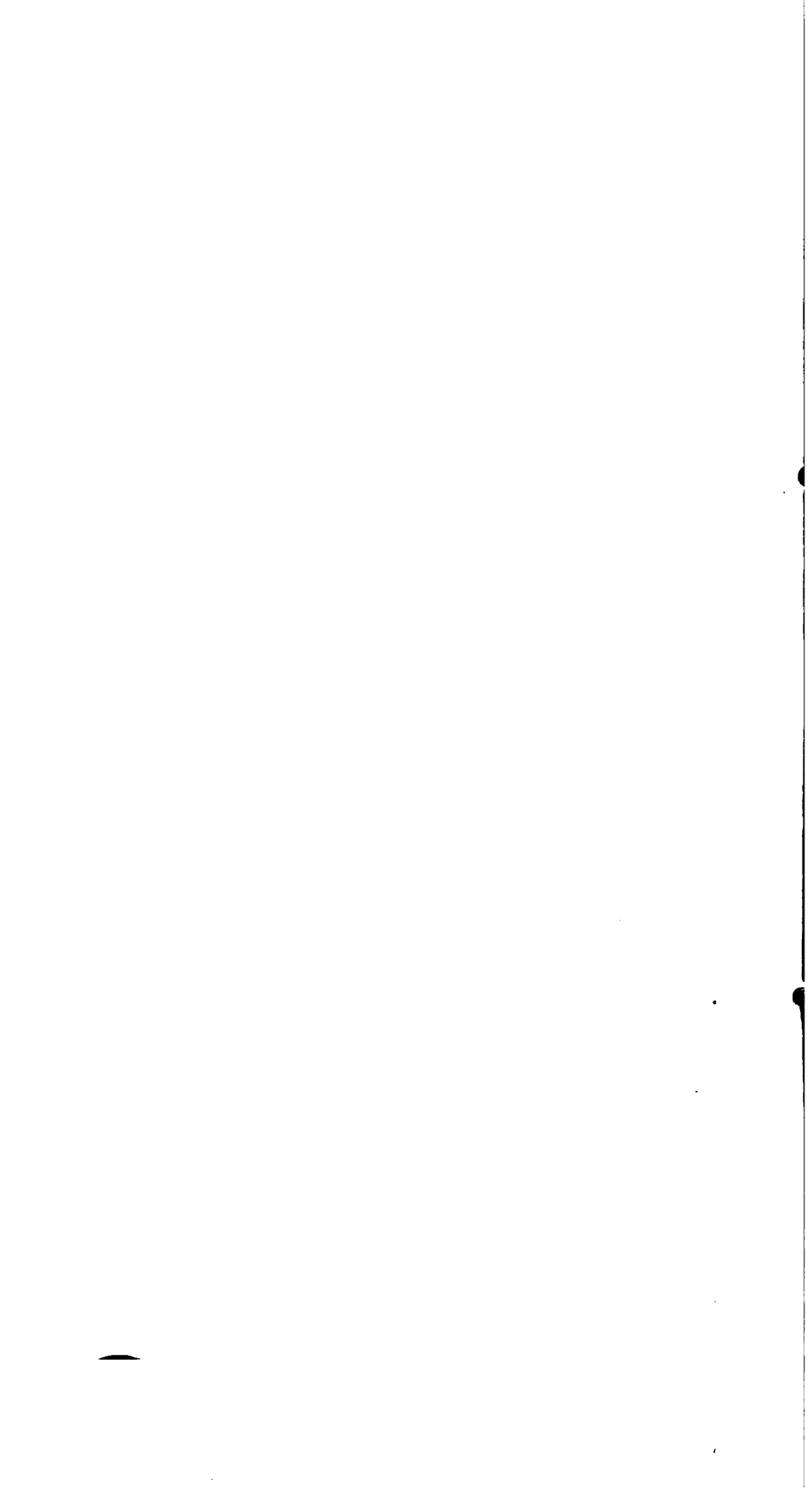
The long adobe building, yet standing and overlooking the fountain and crumbled adobe walls of the guardhouse and gardens, has been restored recently

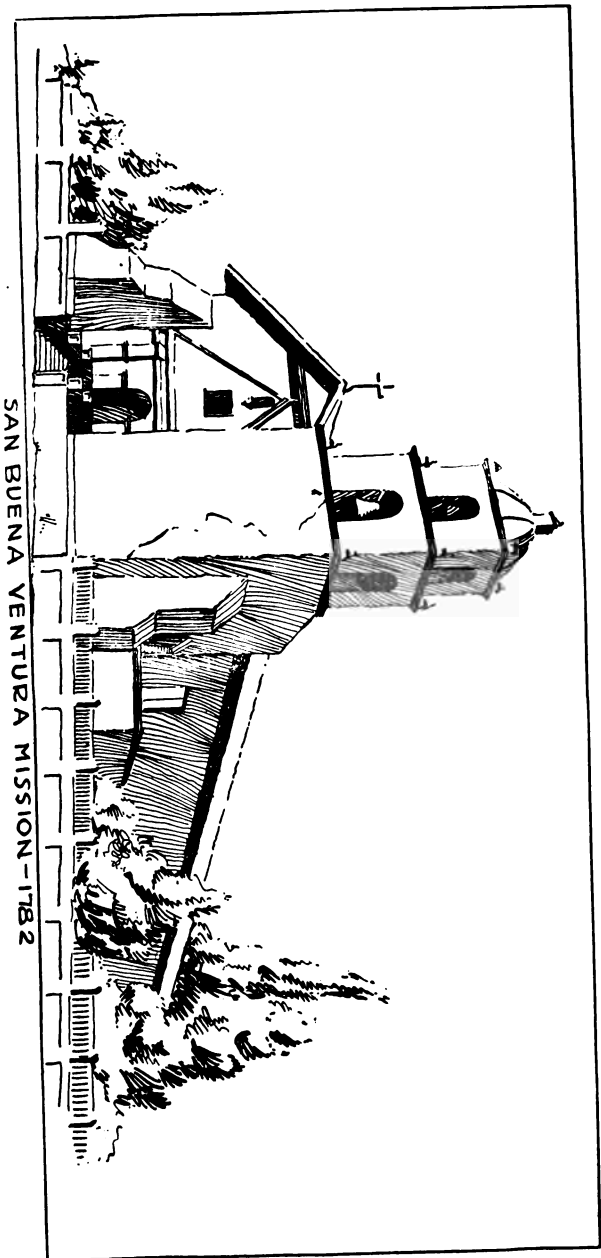
with an arched adobe corridor, or colonnade leading into the monastery. And a quaint little belfry rises like a stumpy chimney from the left end of the arches.

At the right, beyond the monastery, the roof of the lofty church has been restored by the efforts of the Landmarks Club of Southern California, in order that the winter rains might not penetrate and complete the ruin of the edifice. Not only herds of cattle and horses and flocks of sheep were plundered, but planks and rafters were taken away by desecrating hands, although some interested rider left behind him one of his heavy, clanking spurs in the debris of the church floor, found by a later visitor, a relic of the past.

On the left of the high wall in the interior of the church, on a recessed arch, I noted the beautiful drawing of an elliptical arch perfect in its detail; and I wondered if some artist-missionary had climbed a ladder and sketched this drawing as a model for the decoration of other wall sections to be executed by some ambitious neophyte.







SAN BUENA VENTURA MISSION-1782

PAGEANT OF THE NIGHT.

The starry worlds in vast, unmeasured spaces,
Assembled nights at their accustomed places;
The myriad lights all shedding luster golden,
On purple depths—the curtain's lofty folden,
Night drew upon King Phoebus' exit brilliant,
Beyond the stage of heat and light resilient.

Then Luna came with silvery attendants,
Programmed divine in orderly ascendance;
Buenaventura witnessed without payment,—
The march of worlds in gorgeous, golden raiment;
The mystic pageant the queen of night illumed,
With Nature's lamp, the Play of Night resumed.

Orion fought the bull in glittering tunic:
The Pleides, in clear, harmonious Runic,
Enchanting strains inlinked with clashing cymbal:
The Southern Cross upheld the sacred symbol,
Of faith sublime and tragedy in duty:
And Venus bore the cup of love and beauty.

Oh, mystery of wondrous evolution!
A Universe that swings without confusion,—
In orbits huge, obeys the Master mind,
With force magnetic of a secret kind,
That paralyzed man's weakly, boasting voice,
Proudly proclaimed in egoistic choice!

The hierarch, assembled grand in place,
Notes man a mote in Planetary Space;
But Indian souls entered their kingdom yonder
And viewed the Play with ever grateful wonder;
As oceans crashed their symphonies on sounding
shore:
And crested waves their white hands clapt a wild
encore.

STORY OF THE PAGEANT OF THE NIGHT.

Mission San Buenaventura was founded in 1782 on a bold, rocky shore that opposed the advance of the great swells of the Pacific which swirled around the Island of San Clemente in the Santa Barbara Channel. Here travellers were surprised to see corn and vineyards growing at the cliff's edge of San Buenaventura and beyond into the canyons of the mountains. And here the Fathers may have taught first lessons in astronomy to the neophytes and pointed out the constellation of Orion who fought the bull. This glittering galaxy of stars with its mystic story may have appealed to the imagination of hard-riding vaqueros who feared no animal they bestrode and trained from tempestuous freedom to obey the dictator with riata, spurs and bridle-curb.

The pious Fathers may have pointed out to their pupils the Southern Cross (if in imagination they saw it) and called attention to its sacred symbol, stretched across the heavens, for higher meditation of the religious emblem so blazoned by the Almighty Father on the midnight sky.

And well might the neophytes have pondered on that mighty, insensate force pervading the atmosphere which had written on a stormy sky in zigzag streaks of fiery and frightful significance God's unseen power that had been known to strike men and animals down at one death-dealing stroke.

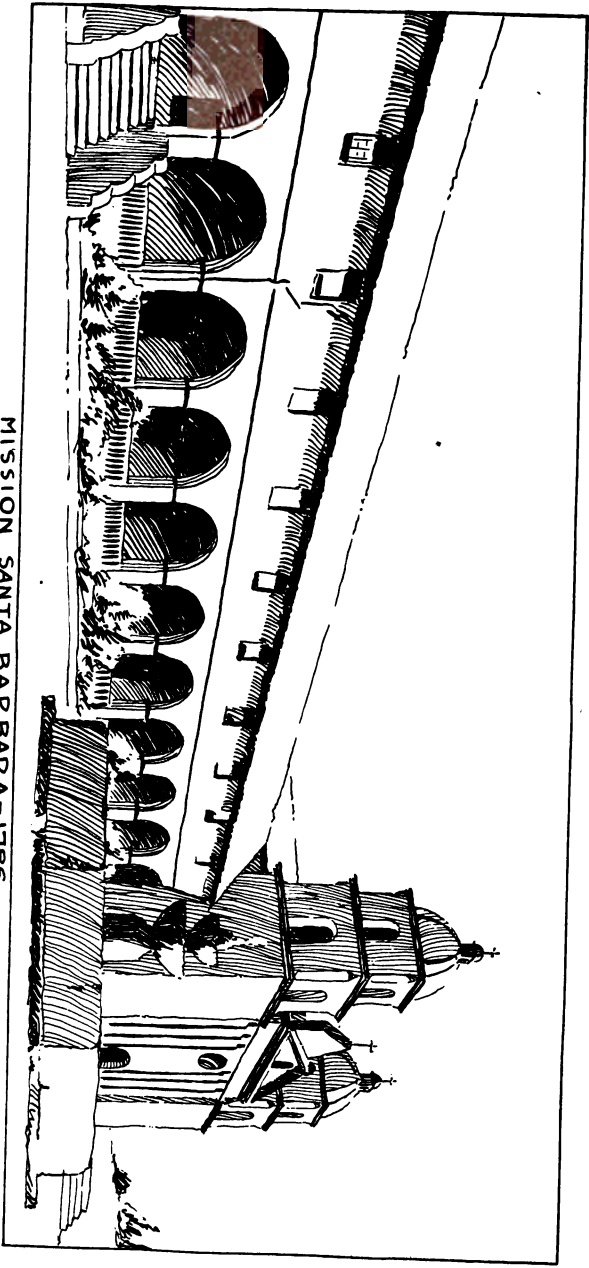
And who could fail to admire the beautiful, full moon that lent her luster to lighten the dark earth after the brilliant sun had dropped into the ocean at the western horizon's rim, leaving a trail of flame and orange colors painting the evening sky and fading into exquisite tints of pale violet and delicate hues of the pink sea-shell? This lavish and wonderful painting was done by the hand of Nature, or Nature's God, in less time than the most ardent nature-lover ever could have accomplished.

All this beauty of the Almighty Father's handiwork may have been viewed by the missionaries and

their wards on the rocky shore in full view of this glorious panorama, presented without cost to their admiring gaze. Then the souls of the Indians may have arisen on the wings of imagination to greater heights and mingled with far-distant worlds undisturbed by petty transactions of the day, as the waves of the ocean reared their crests and dashed against the rocky bluffs in reverberating thunder and broke in flecks of white foam far below the watchers on the shore now deserted by missionaries and neophytes forevermore.

A town has grown up around the old Mission, which has been restored since the earthquake of 1812, and bears the name of Ventura, derived from the Padres when the United States was seven years of age.





MISSION SANTA BARBARA-1786

SPIRIT SWEET WATERS.

Among the mountains, Santa Ynez gray,
Sweet waters frolicked, never leashed were they;
And Spirit Sweet Waters descended the hills,
To mingle her freshness with the lower rills.

At Santa Barbara's quaint Mission old,
A fountain stood high to receive and hold
The priceless, pure water so freely sent,
By Spirit Sweet Water's kind soul intent.

Two lovers stood near the fountain's broad rim;
Their eyes were lode-stars—those above were dim:
“A cup of water I give unto thee:
Let us drink to love by the murmuring sea!

“I drink to thine eyes, thou star of my life,
May they guide me ever away from strife,
And the music of thy voice, like the mountain rill
Shall refresh my soul through life's every ill.”



STORY OF SPIRIT SWEET WATERS.

Mission Santa Barbara was founded in the year 1786 by Fathers Laśúen, Paterna and Orámus, on a shore trending east from the blue Pacific and sheltered on the north and east by the towering Santa Ynez Sierra.

Here the ocean breezes are tempered by a softer air, warmed by the ardent sun and the verdant valley is lapped in the mountain's curving breast. In this garden of the Gods, souls might be lulled into dream-land on the borders of an unknown and enchanting world of delight without fear of being assailed or awakened by the rough embraces of more northern winds.

Here the missionaries built their beautiful mission, the classic facade of whose pilastered church with its twin towers and long, arched colonnade stretching away from the edifice have been admired by hundreds of travelers from distant shores. And the great stone fountain, carved in high relief by the unskilled but loving hands of neophytes, stands as in earlier years holding refreshing mountain water.

This water was brought in flumes from adjoining mountains where it danced swiftly down the steep slopes in its haste to bless the dwellers in the valley with its life-giving strength. There the fairy, Spirit Sweet Waters, may have sent the liquid freshness to benefit earth's children. So from her kind heart she murmured to all the little mountain rills to hasten on their charitable mission before journeying to mingle their freshness with the great ocean.

And many years later in 1830, Governor Echandiá's gay cavalcade, of prancing horses handsomely caparisoned, flashing with silver coins and silver mounted bridles and spurs, carrying the haughty governor and the officers with their lovely brides, escorted by the leather-jacketed soldiers with lances of steel, halted at Mission Santa Barbara and the Missionaries welcomed the governor and invited him into the church to attend vesper services while the soldiers drew into martial lines on either side, through which passed

the Comandante-General with his officers and their brides.

After the devotions in the church and the lavish supper of the missionaries, the officers and brides wandered out into the moonlight and stood at the fountain's rim. And there the bridegrooms, on their wedding journey, pledged themselves in a cup of cold water (sent by Spirit Sweet Waters) to be guided by the musical voices and luminous eyes of their brides in lives of unbroken trust and loyalty throughout life's journey.

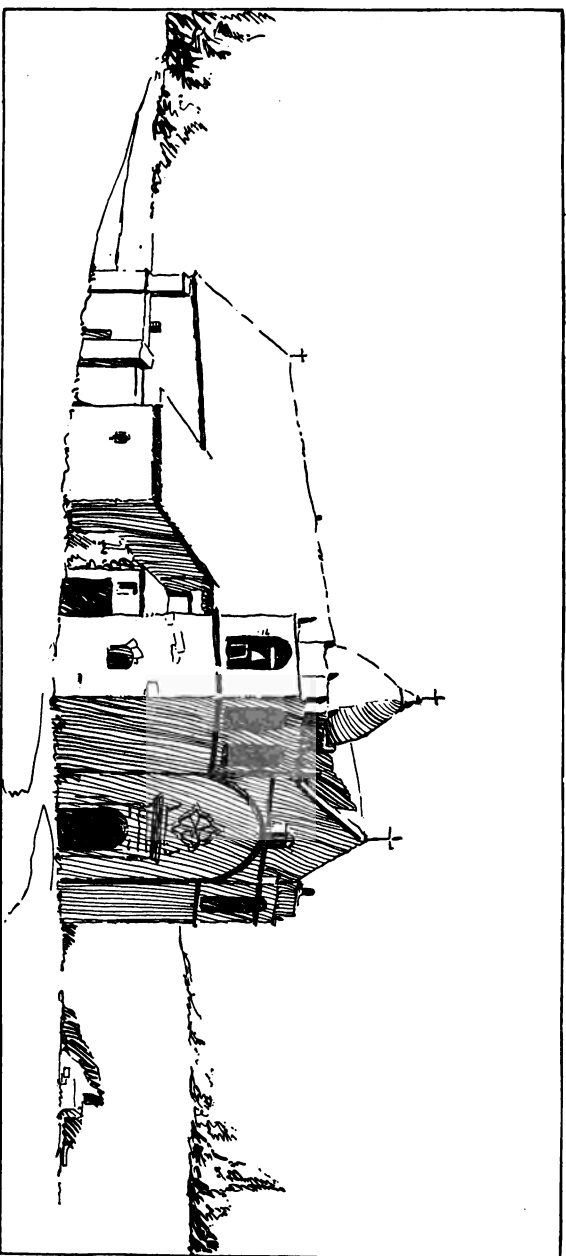
Mission Santa Barbara was dedicated by the missionaries to Saint Barbara, the Virgin and Martyr. The imposing stone church is one hundred and sixty-five feet in length and forty feet in width. The walls are six feet thick, strengthened by buttresses of solid stone. And the stone-masonry towers are ten feet square, having been given added strength after the earthquake of 1812.

Surrounded by the mission buildings is a fine old garden containing rare shrubberies and trees, sequestered from the public gaze. The wife of the President of the United States is the only lady granted admittance to these secluded walks, filled with its religious atmosphere, as the meditation grounds of the missionaries for over a century of time.

The picturesque stone fountain in front of the mission claimed the loving labor of a sculptor-neophyte. How his black eyes must have glowed with the joy of decorating this beautiful and necessary concomitant of life which held the liquid freshness of the mountainside.

Within the church the gorgeous banners of religion, the rich vestments, chalices and other sacred vessels of the ritual, together with valuable books and records, archives of the early history of California, have found a secure place of preservation.

The name of Santa Barbara brings with it a special thought of the *dolce-far-niente*, dreamland, or wave-lapped garden of the Gods, where the sleeping beauty yet awaits the coming of the magic Prince.



MISSION SAN CARLOS DE RIO CARMELO-ITTO

SENTINEL OF MONTEREY.

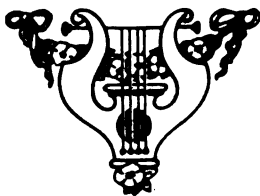
A cypress leaned far o'er the sea
And branches shook most threateningly :
"No nearer come—I guard the Bay,
Brave sentinel of Monterey!"

The breakers roared, the cliffs beyond,
Sang requiems for souls once fond :
"We come and go," the white-caps say,
"To sentinel across the way."

Still watchful stood for e'er and aye ;
Nothing escaped that guardian sway :
And balmy breaths of cypress trees
Flung fragrance rare far o'er the seas.

The briny air and fragrant spice
Lent wings to thought, in memory's trice,
To Carmelo, last resting-place,
Junipero, God's servant of grace.

Like the Nazarene, that Master mind,
Blessing his followers in kind,
Who sued the touch of garments gray,
Soul-sentinel of Monterey.



STORY OF THE SENTINEL OF MONTEREY.

The blue waters of a semi-circular bay with its dazzling stretch of white sand lay spread in the embrace of a park-like land shaded by groves of live oak when Vizcaino, the Spanish explorer sailed up the coast of California in 1602 and named the glistening waters in honor of Count de Monterey, the viceroy of Mexico. Some of the noble live oaks, nearly two hundred feet in height and six feet in diameter, were monarchs of the land where they seemed to watch for the coming of that Spirit of untiring devotion, Father Junipero Serra, on the shore where the Pacific ebbs and flows, tossing the spray if its waves high on the rocky bluffs and falling in misty spray on the dazzling white sands below while above them smiled a sky of Italian depth and softness.

Over the rocky cliffs leaned the fragrant cypress trees, holding their wind-swept branches far over the bay in defiance of the western breezes and seeming to proclaim themselves guardians of the watery expanse between the two points of land.

In 1770, one year after he founded Mission San Diego de Alcala, Father Junipero Serra sailed to Monterey and founded Mission San Carlos de Rio Carmelo, named in honor of its patron, Saint Charles, King of Spain, it being situated on the bank of the little Carmel River near the protecting bulwark of the lofty Santa Lucia Sierra, and named in honor of Mount Carmel in the Holy Land which it was said by travelers to resemble in beauty of location.

Father Serra was enchanted with the natural beauty of Monterey Bay as it lay spread in the protecting embrace of the tree-clad hills. Some of these trees grew in isolated grandeur surrounded by a flower-embroidered carpet of grasses having the effect of beautiful parks in ancestral estates rather than a wilderness.

Nature seemed to have prepared for the coming of that Spirit clothed in human flesh; for never was a man more spiritual and more free from all guile than Father Junipero Serra. God seemed to have endowed

him with all the virtues and scholarly traits and a zealous flame of desire to follow the example of Jesus of Nazareth in saving souls for spiritual happiness after death, shriving himself against all worldly thoughts and desires. Always he strove to attain spiritual perfection.

On the lone peak of Father Serra's meek spirituality dwelt his intellectual greatness. Had he been a governor with civic authority in place of a governor of souls, his executive ability would have been known in high places. Yet his modest worth will be written in history and his intellectual and spiritual attainments be proclaimed, until a beneficent halo of righteousness shall surround his name as first and most powerful in the annals of California as the years roll onward down the scroll of time. Humanity will accord this conqueror of a large army of savages a leader in civilization and Christianity.

By the force of this great man's piety and compassion for his fellow-beings he established nine missions, four presidios, and two pueblos, leaving a peaceful life in a college cloister he loved, to become a soldier of the Cross.

After founding his second mission on the Carmel River, five miles from the Bay of Monterey, this general of a spiritual army marshaled his followers and founded other missions in the wildernesses where the savages congregated. San Juan Capistrano, San Gabriel Arcangel, San Buenaventura, San Luis Obispo, San Antonio de Padua, Santa Clara and San Francisco, where four thousand neophytes were won to spiritual attainments while living in these missions.

As Father Serra chanted his *Te Deum* in thanksgiving for gaining converts from the powers of evil, he was the inspiration of every missionary in the province. Footsore and weary he traveled the wilderness, buoyed up by love and pity for his fellow-creatures and joy at their deliverance from the power of Satan.

And here in 1830 Governor Echandiá led his brilliant cavalcade in the long procession from Monterey to San Carlos de Rio Carmelo, when Missionaries in elaborately embroidered robes of the ritual upholding

the banners of the church, preceded by the Cross-bearer and followed by the Governor of the Province escorted by haughty dons and beautiful doñas from distant ranchos with the brides and grooms of the double wedding, entered the sanctuary between the martial lines of the garrison of Monterey, and celebrated High-Mass in memory of San Carlos, the patron saint of the Mission.

After the celebration, one's imagination yet views the brilliant, colorful procession winding its way over the pine-clad hills through idyllic paths, returning to the capital of Monterey where a barbecue appeased the appetites of riders and pedestrians from San Carlos de Rio Carmelo hallowed by its sacrificial and poetic memories of the master-spirit who founded and maintained this monument to religious devotion.

In the seventy-first year of his life Father Junipero Serra lay dying in his bare cell; his head supported by a devoted neophyte, while lying on two rough planks covered with one gray blanket; he rendered up his account as a most faithful steward in the vineyard of souls to the Lord of the Vineyard.

When the neophytes were told that their beloved Father was dead, they went into the fields and canyons and gathered flowers as offerings to his memory.

Comandante, officers, marines, civilians and Indians attended the obsequies which were conducted with the ceremony given the general of an army. The guns of the ships in the harbor were fired at intervals of thirty minutes during the day, and their solemn announcement was repeated by the Presidio artillery and the muffled tolling of the Mission-bells. The forlorn neophytes begged for a shred of his coarse habit believing that holiness and healing abided in its folds through the prayers of their loving master; even as the multitude touched the hem of the garments of Jesus and were healed.

In his most beloved church at Mission San Carlos de Rio Carmelo, the official residence of the Mission Presidents for fifty years, Father Junipero Serra, President and leading spirit in founding the California Missions was laid to rest beneath the star-shaped

carving on the facade which may have been traced in remembrance of the Star of Bethlehem and accorded with the life of this leading spirit who lead his followers to Jesus. Here the admirer of mental nobility approaches with reverent footsteps this artistic and venerable monument raised by the Sentinel-Soul of Monterey.



PRONOUNCING GLOSSARY OF SPANISH NAMES.

- Agustin; 'Ar-hoós-teen.
Aiyuntiamiento; Ar-éé-hoon-tee-ar-mén-to, town council.
Avila; Ar-veé-lar.
Alcalde; Alcarl-day, overseer, or mayor.
Alta; árl-tar, upper.
Anita; Ar-née-tar.
Arguello; Ar-wáy-yo.
Arroyo; ar-ró-yo; a small stream.
Baja; bar-har, lower (California).
Bandini; Ban-dée-nee.
Cahuenga; Car-hoo-ayn-gar.
Compadre; Com-pár-dray, companion.
Comandante; co-marn-dan-tay. Commander.
Enrique; En-rée-kay, Henry.
Bernartuino; ber-nár-dee-no.
Benicia; Bey-née-cee-ar.
Boscana, Geronimo; Ha-ró-nee-mo, Bos-cár-nar.
Camino Real; Car-mée-no Ray-ál, King's Highway.
Campo Santo; carm-po sarn-to, camp of saints, cemetery.
Carmelo; car-máy-lo.
Gabriel; gar-bree-él.
Sierra de Santa Lucia; see-ar-ra day Sarn-tar Loo-cée-ar, Santa Lucia mountains.
Temblor; tem-blór, earthquake.
Jose; ho-sáy.
Juan; hwan, John.
Lasúen; lar-soó-en.
Loma; ló-mar, hill.
Majordomo; mar-yor-dó-mo, overseer.
Miguel; Mee-gwáy, Michael.
Nuestra Señora; moo-ays-trar Sayn-yó-rar. Our Lady.
Nuestra Señora de la Soledid; noo-ays-trar Sayn-yó-rar, So-lay-dad.
Nina; neen-yar, girl.
Padre; pár-dray, father.
Patio; pár-tee-o; courtyard.
Pedro; pay-dro, Peter.
Portola, Gaspar de; gas-par day por-to-lár.
Pueblo; poo-ay-blo, small town.
Pacheco; Par-cháy-co.
Peiri, Antonio; an-tó-nyo, Pay-éé-ree.
Pio Pico; Pée-yo Pée-co.
Purissima Conception; poo-rée-see-mar con-cép-cee-on pure conception.
Real; ray-árl, a coin, about twelve cents.
Riata; re-ár-tar, lasso.
Rancho; ran-tcho, farm.
San Antonio de Padua; par-doóar St. Anthony of Padua, Franciscan preacher in 13th century.

San Blas; San Blars.

San Buenaventura; bwa nar-ven-tóo-rar. Learned Franciscan, 13th century.

San Juan Bautista; bow-teés-tar, St. John the Baptist.

San Carlos de Monterey; St. Charles of Monterey, an Italian bishop.

San Diego de Alcalá; dee-áy-go day al-cár-lar, St. James of Alcalá, Spanish Franciscan.

San Francisco de Asís; fran-ceés-co day Ar-seés. St. Francis of Assisi, Founder of Order of Franciscan Monks.

Sotoyomi; so-to-yó-mee.

San Francisco Solano; So-lár-no, Franciscan missionary in S. America.

San Gabriel Arcangel; Gar-bree-él ark-arñ-yel, St. Gabriel Arcangel.

San Lucas; Lóo-kas, St. Luke.

San Juan Capistrano; warn car-pees-trár-no, St. John of Capistrano, Italian Franciscan, leader in crusades, 15th century.

San Luis Obispo de Tolosa; Loo-is O-bées-po day to-lo-sar, Bishop of Toulouse, French Franciscan.

San Luis Rey de Francia; Loo-is ray day Frarn-cee-ar; King of France, crusader of 13th century.

Mateo; mar-tay-o, Matthew.

San Miguel Arcangel; Mee-gayl arc arn-yel; St. Michael Archangel.

Jose Sanchez; ho-say Sán-ches.

Santa Barbara; virgin and martyr of third century.

Santa Clara de Asís; San-tar Clar-ar day Ar-seés, (Spiritual Sister of St. Francis) St. Clare of Assisi, Founder of the Order of Franciscan Nuns.

Santa Cruz; Sarn-tar Kroós, holy cross.

Santa Ynez; Sarn-tar Eé-nez, child martyr, St. Agnes.

Santa Lucia; Sarn-tar loo-ceé-ar.

Santa Ysabel; Eés-ar-bel.

Santiago; Sarn-tee-ár-go.

Sepulveda; Say-póol-vay-dar.

Serra, Junipero; hoo-née-pay-ro Sér-rar.

Soledad, So-lay-dard, solitude.

Valparaiso; Várl-par-rar-eé-so, Vale of Paradise.

Vaqueros; Var-káy-ros, Indian cow-boys.

Vizcaino; Véez-car-eé-no, Spanish employer.

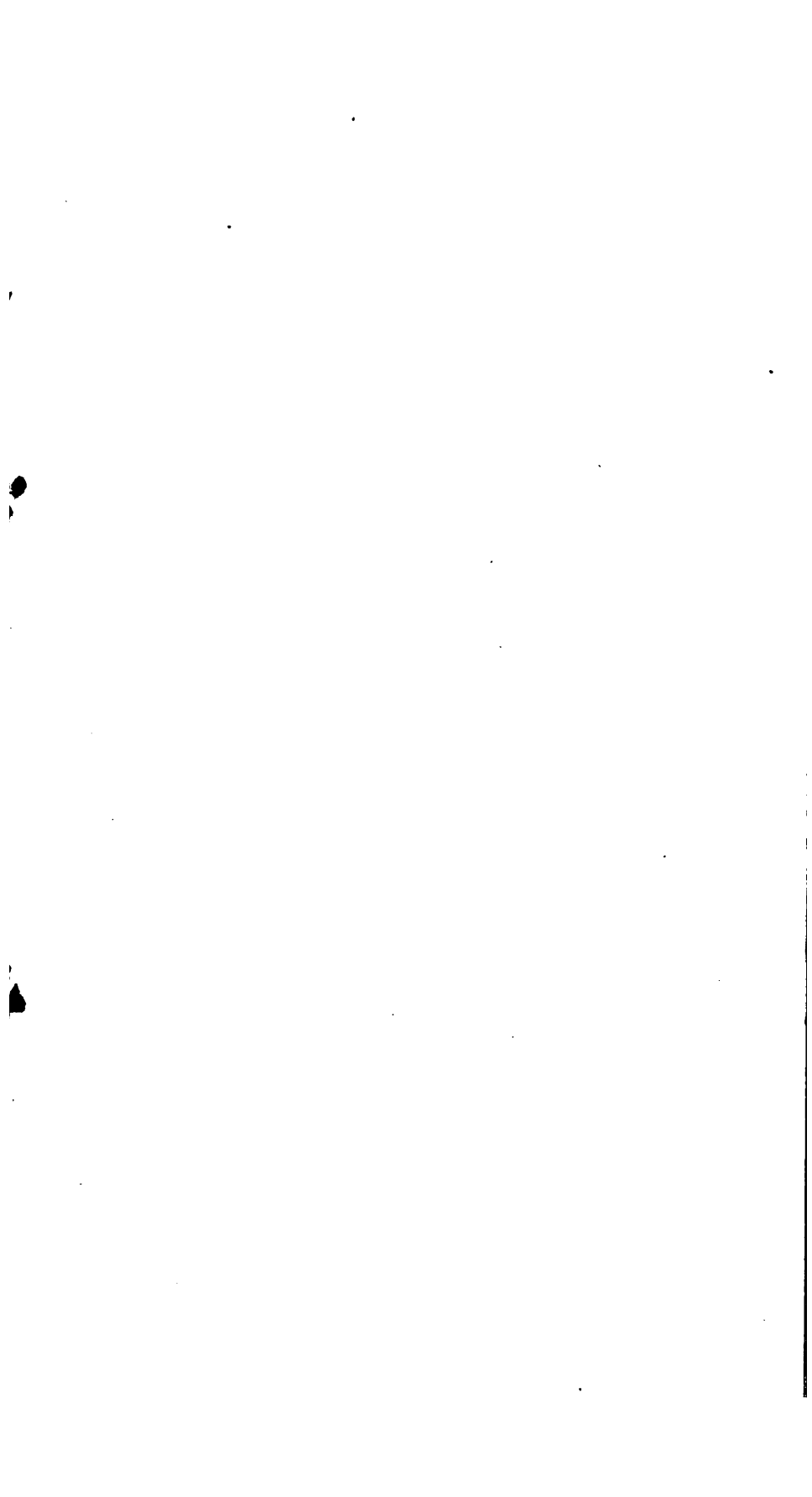
Vallejo, Mariano Guardalupe; Mar-ree-ár-no war-day-lóo-pay, Var-yáy-ho.

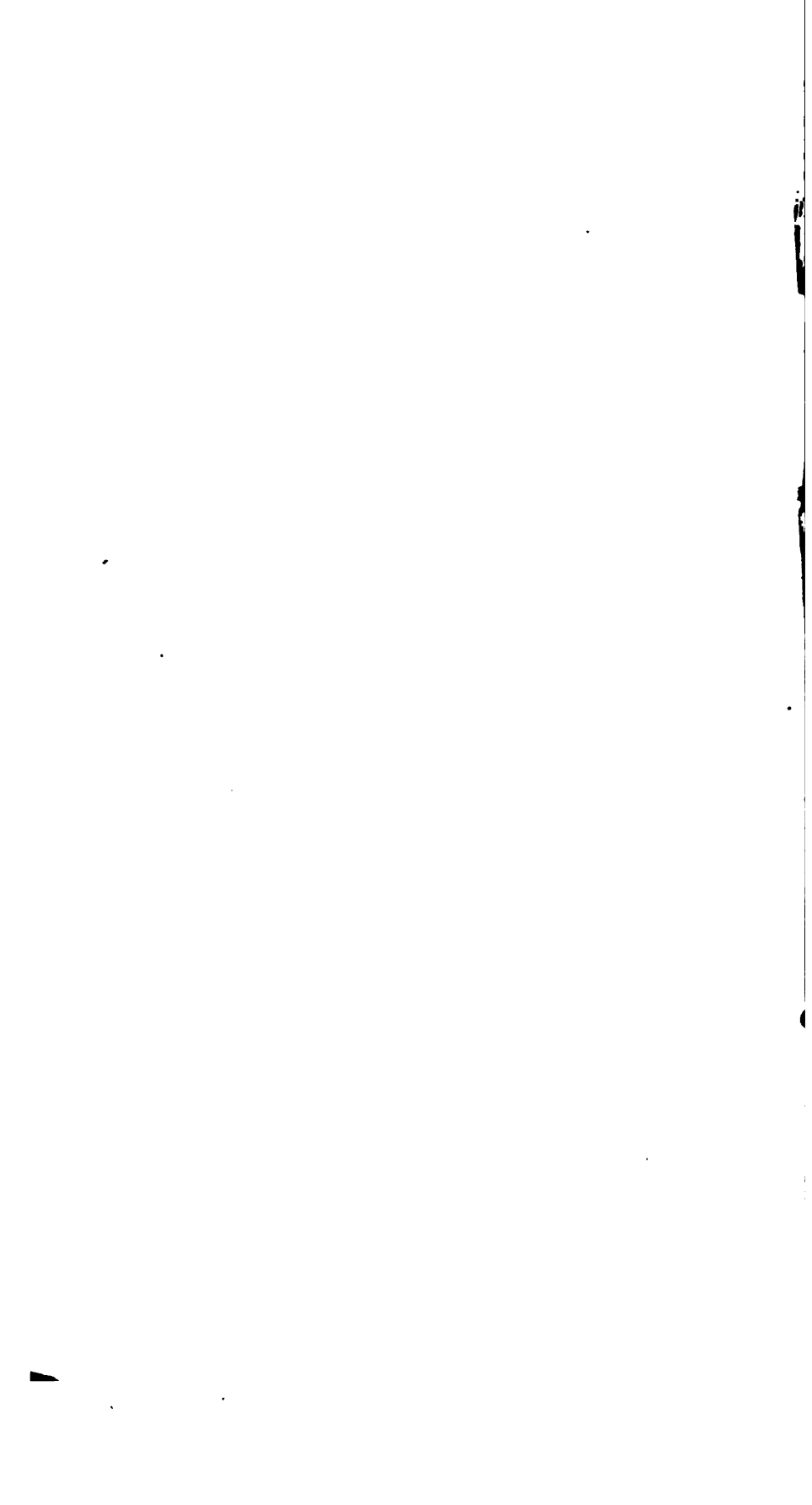
Vicente; vee-cén-tay.

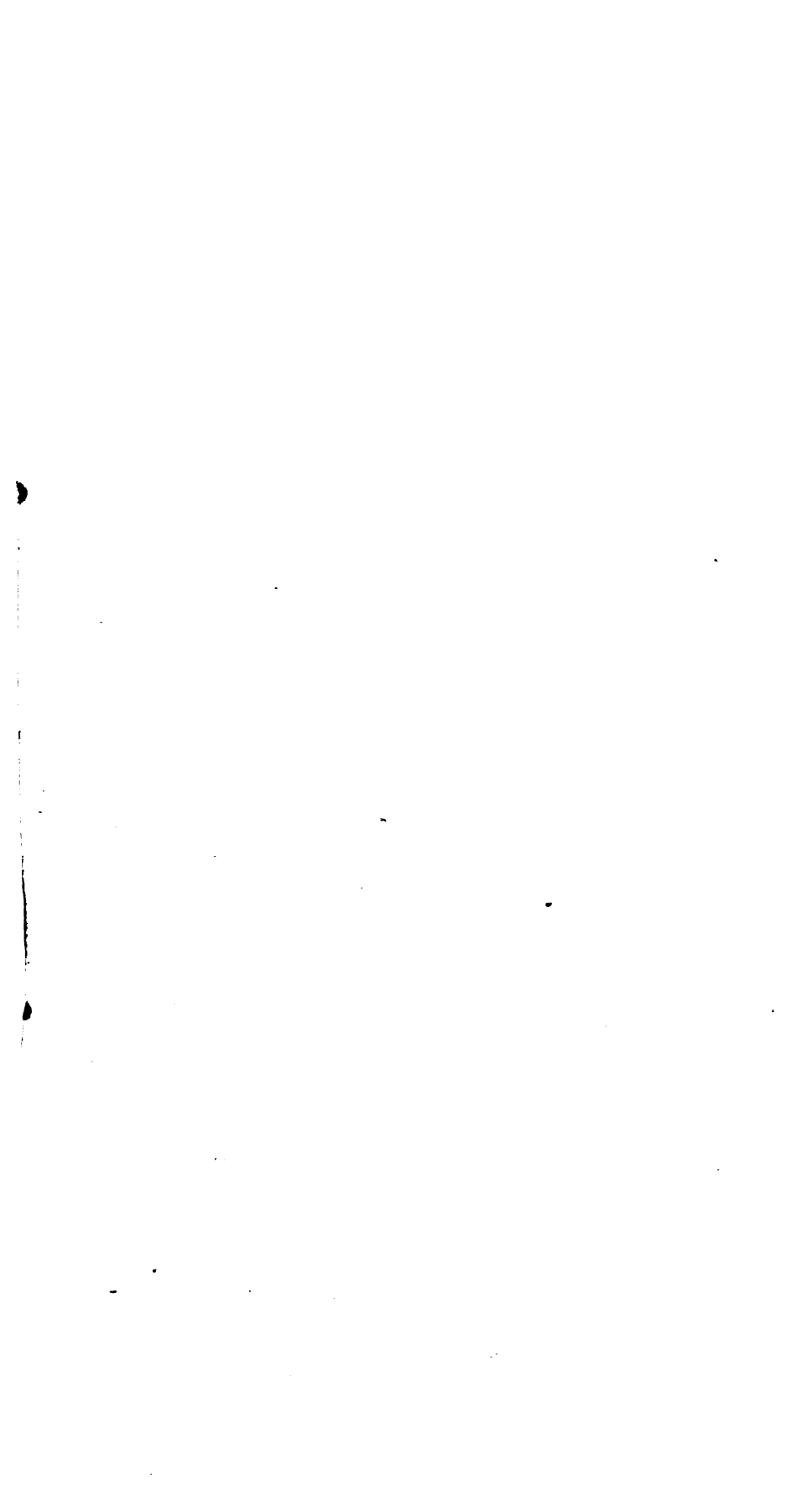
Ybarra; ee-bár-rar.

Ygnacia, Doña; Don-yar ee-nár-cee-ar.

Zalvidea; sarl-vee-dáy-ar.







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